WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRA

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Enter Barnardo *and* Franciſco, *two Sentinels.*

Bar. Who's there?
Fran. Nay anſwer me, ſtand and unfold your ſelfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. *Barnardo?*
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now ſtrooke twelve: get thee to bed *Franciſco.*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſicke at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Bar. Well, goodnight:
If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivalls of my watch, bid them make haſte.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand ho: who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Liegemen to the Dane.

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Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O farewell honeſt ſouldiers: who hath relieved you?
Fra. Bernardo hath my place: give you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Hora. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I have ſeene nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſayes 'tis but a phantaſie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe aſſaile your eares
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well, ſit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtar that's Weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholar, ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that uſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmarke*

Did ſometimes march? by heaven I charge thee ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtalkes away.
Hor. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake, I charge thee ſpeake.

Exit Ghoſt.

Mar. 'Tis gone and will not anſwer.
Bar. How now *Horatio*? you tremble and looke pale:
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeve,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated.
So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
He ſmote the ſleaded Pollax on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jumpe at this ſame houre,
With martiall ſtalke hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what particular thought to worke I know not,
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toiles the ſubject of the land,
And with ſuch daily coſt of braſen Cannon,
And forraine Mart for implements of warre?
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore taske
Does not divide the Sunday from the weeke?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labour with the day?
Who is't that can informe me?
Hora. That can I:
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway*,

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Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
Againſt the which a moity competent
VVas gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,
Had he bin vanquiſht; as by the ſame co-mart,
And carriage of the Articles deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*: now ſir, young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Of unimproved metall, hot, and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt up a liſt of lawleſſe reſolutes,
For food and diet to ſome enterpriſe
That hath a ſtomacke in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare unto our ſtate,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: and this I take it
Is the maine motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poſte haſte, and romeage in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other but even ſo:
VVell may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.
Hora. A mote it is to trouble the mindes eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſſe, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueake and gibber in the Roman ſtreets,
As ſtarres with traines of fire, and dewes of blood,
Diſaſters in the ſunne, and the moiſt ſtarre,
Upon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empire ſtands,
VVas ſicke almoſt to Doomeſday with eclipſe,

And

And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates
And Prologue to the *Omen* comming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our Climatures and Countrimen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But ſoft, behold! lo where it comes againe,
Ile croſſe it though it blaſt me: Stay illuſion, *It ſpreads his armes.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speake to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe eaſe, and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art privie to thy Countries fate,
Which happely foreknowing may avoid,
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth,
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death, *The cocke*
Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake; ſtop it *Marcellus*. *crowes.*
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partiſan?
Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.
Bar. 'Tis here.
Hor. 'Tis here.
Mar. 'Tis gone.
We doe it wrong, being ſo Majeſticall,
To offer it the ſhew of violence:
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to ſpeake when the cocke crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearefull ſummons: I have heard,
The cocke, that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or aire,
Th'extravagant and erring ſpirit hyes
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.

Mar.

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Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cocke.
Some say that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dares ſtirre abroad,
The nights are wholſome; then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charme;
So hallowed and ſo gracious is that time.
Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleeve it:
But looke, the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeene to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for upon my life
This ſpirit dumbe to us will ſpeake to him.
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's doo't I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt convenient. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Councell, as Polonius, and his ſonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene,
Th' Imperiall jointreſſe to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auſpicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife, nor have we herein barr'd

Your better wiſdomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth,
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to be diſ-joint, and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dreame of his advantage,
He hath not faild to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of Law,
To our moſt valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſineſſe is, We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Who impotent and bedrid, ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate herein, in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubjects: and we here diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more than the ſcope
Of theſe delated Articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haſte commend your duty.
Cor.Vo. In that, & all things will we ſhew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit, what is't *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane,
And loſe your voice: what wouldſt thou beg *Laertes*?
That ſhall not be my offer, nor thy asking.
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth,
Than is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy Father:
What wouldſt thou have *Laertes*?
Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to *France*,

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From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your fathers leave? what ſayes *Polonius*?
Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave,
By labourſome petition; and at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I doe beſeech you give him leave to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces; ſpend it at thy will.
But now my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſſe than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.
Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt 'tis common all that lives muſt dye,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not ſeems,
'Tis not alone my inkie cloke could ſmother,
Nor cuſtomary ſutes of ſolemne blacke,
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forc't breath,
No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all formes, moods, ſhapes of griefe,
That can denote me truely; theſe indeed ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paſſes ſhew,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father.

But you muſt know your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſurviver bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowes; but to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe, 'tis unmanly griefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, or minde impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh oppoſition
Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt coarſe till he that died to day,
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and thinke of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobility of love
Than that which deareſt father beares his ſonne
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going backe to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*;
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Here in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, couſin, and our ſonne.
Que. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers *Hamlet*:
I pray thee ſtay with us, goe not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you Madame.
King. Why 'tis a loving and a faire reply.
Be as our ſelfe in *Denmarke*. Madame come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day
But the great Cannon to the clouds ſhall tell,

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And the Kings rowſe the heaven ſhall bruit againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder: Come away. *Flouriſh, Exeunt all*
Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and reſolve it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the everlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt ſelfe ſlaughter! O God, God,
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uſes of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That growes to ſeed; things rank & groſſe in nature
Poſſeſſe it meerly: that it ſhould come thus,
But two moneths dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the windes of heaven
Viſit her face too roughly: heaven and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't, frailty thy name is woman,
A little moneth: Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers body,
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe,
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Than I to *Hercules*; within a moneth,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous teares
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married. Oh moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip. (ſelfe.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my
Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you;

And

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you (good even ſir.)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hora. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enemy ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe; I know you are no truant;
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour*?
Wee'll teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Hora. My Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funerall.
Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow ſtudent,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heaven
Or ever I had ſeene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.
Hora. I ſaw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not looke upon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw who?
Hora. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hora. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attentive eare, till I may deliver
Upon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen
This marvaile to you.
Ham. For Gods love let me heare.
Hora. Two nights together had theſe Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vaſt and middle of the night

Been

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Been thus encountred: a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, *Cap a pe*,
Appeares before them, and with ſolemne march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurpriſed eyes
Within this truncheons length, whilſt they diſtill'd
Almoſt to gelly with the act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him: this to me
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered, both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did,
But anſwer it made none: yet once me thought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake;
But even then the morning Cocke crew loud,
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I doe live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd ſay you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Moſt conſtantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like: ſtaid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell an hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I ſaw't.

Ham. His beard was griſled, no.

Hor. It was as I have ſeene it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.

Ham. I will watch to night,
Perchance 'twill walke againe.

Hor. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it aſſume my noble fathers perſon
Ile ſpeake to it, though hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill,
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So fare you well,
Upon the platforme 'twixt eleven and twelve
Ile viſit you.

All. Our duty to your honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you; Farewell.
My fathers ſpirit in armes, all is not well,
I doubt ſome foule play, would the night were come:
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule, foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Siſter.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbarkt, farewell,
And ſiſter, as the windes give benefit
And convay in aſſiſtant, doe not ſleep,
But let me heare from you.

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Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward, not permanent; ſweet, not laſting,
The perſume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoule
Growes wide withall: perhaps he loves you now,
And now no ſoile nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his will; but you muſt feare
His greatneſſe wai'd, his will is not his owne.
He may not, as unvalued perſons doe,
Crave for himſelfe; for on his choice depends
The ſafety and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head: then if he ſaies he loves you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo far to beleeve it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further
Than the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs,
Or looſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſtred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keep you in the reare of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire:
" The chaſteſt maid is prodigall enough,
If ſhe unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
" Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
" The canker galls the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd,

And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be warie then, beſt ſafety lyes in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebells though none elſe neere.
Ophel. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep,
As watchmen to my heart: But good my brother
Doe not as ſome ungracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way of heaven,
Whiles a puft and rechleſſe Libertine,
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O feare me not;
I ſtay too long: but here my father comes.
A double bleſſing is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Polo. Yet here *Laertes*? aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for. There, my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar:
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy ſoule with hoops of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht, unfledg'd courage: beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'oppoſer may beware of thee:
Give every man thy eare, but few thy voice;
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerve thy judgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt ranke and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For love oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

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This above all, to thine owne ſelfe be true,
And it muſt follow as the night to day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.
Pol. The time inveſts you, goe, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.
Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What is't *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophel. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marrie well bethought.
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you your ſelfe
Have of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you
You doe not underſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Ophel. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Unſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance:
Doe you beleeve his tenders, as you call them?
Ophel I doe not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your ſelfe a babie,
That you have ta'n theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelfe more dearly,
Or (not to cracke the winde of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a foole.
Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, goe too, goe too.
Ophel. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord with almoſt all the holy vowes of heaven.

Pol.

Pol. I, ſpringes to catch Wood-cockes; I do know
When the blood burnes how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giving more light than heat; extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making,
You muſt not tak't for fire: from this time
Be ſomething ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeve ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tedder may he walke
Than may be given you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeve his vowes, for they are Brokers,
Not of that dye which their inveſtments ſhew,
But meere implorators of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth
Have you ſo ſlander any moments leiſure,
As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophel. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites ſhrewdly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.
Hora. Indeed, I heard it not: it then drawes neere the ſeaſon
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk. *A flouriſh of Trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two pieces goe off.*
Ham. The King doth walke to night, and takes his rowſe,
Keepes waſſell, and the ſwaggering up-ſpring reeles,
And as he draines his draughts of Rhenish downe,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry is't,

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But to my minde, though I am native here
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach than the obſervance:
This heavie-headed revell East and West
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;
They clepe us Drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soile our addition: and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute:
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-growth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit that too much ore-leavens
The forme of plauſive manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtampe of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His vertues elſe be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandall. *Enter Ghoſt.*

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blaſts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, royall *Dane*: O anſwere me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Have burſt their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,

To caſt thee up againe: what may this meane
That thou dead coarſe againe in complete ſteele
Reviſites thus the glimpſes of the moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules?
Say why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe? *Beckens.*

Hora. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee:
And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that,
Being a thing immortall like it ſelfe?
It waves me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe,
That bettels ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your ſoveraignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe? thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motive, into every braine,
That looks ſo many fadomes to the ſea,
And heares it roare beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.

Ham. My fate cryes out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

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As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
By heaven Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away: Goe on, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Have after: to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*.

Hora. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come,
When I to sulphrous and tormenting flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold,

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end
Like quills upon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood: list, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy deare father love.

Ham.

Ham. O God!

Gho. Revenge his foule & most unnaturall murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange and unnaturall.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweepe to my revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharfe,
Wouldst thou not stirre in this: now *Hamlet* heare,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Orchard
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankely abused: but know thou, noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophetick soule, my uncle!

Ghost. I, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with traitrous gifts,
O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce! won to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene.
O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine! but vertue, as it never will be moy'd
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heaven,
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed,
And prey on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
Upon my secure houre thy uncle stole

With

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With juice of curſed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curd, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off even in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Unnuzled, diſappointed, un-anueld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible,
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſomever thou purſueſt this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contrive
Againſt thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.
Ham. O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O fie! hold my heart,
And you my ſinewes, grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly up; remember thee!
I thou poore Ghoſt, whiles memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe: remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triviall fond records,

All ſaw of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall live
Within the booke and volume of my braine,
Unmixt with baſer matter; yes by heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine!
My tables, meet it is I ſet downe,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine;
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in *Denmarke*.
So uncle there you are: now to my word,
It is adieu, adieu, remember me.
I have ſworne't.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hora. Heavens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho boy, come, and come.
Mar. How is't my noble Lord?
Ham. O wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reveale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heaven.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once thinke it?
But you'll be ſecret.
Both. I by heaven.
Ham. There's never a villaine
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant Knave.
Hora. There needs no Ghoſt, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You as your buſineſſe and deſire ſhall point you,
For every man hath buſineſſe and deſire,

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Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patricke* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is betweene us
Ore-master't as you may: and now good friends,
As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers
Give me one poore request.
Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.
Ham. Never make knowne what you have seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but swear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworne my Lord already:
Ham. Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the stage.

Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, saist thou so? art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Selleridge
Consent to sweare.
Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene,
Sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Hic & ubique, then wee'll shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe upon my sword:
Sweare by my sword.
Never to speake of this that you have heard.
Ghost. Sweare by his sword.
Ham. Well said old Mole, canst thou worke i'th earth so fast?

A wor-

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.
Hora. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:
There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*
Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,
Here as before; never so help you mercy,
(How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an antike disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With armes encombred thus, or head thus shak't,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, well well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So Gentlemen
With all my love I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is
May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joint, O cursed spight
That ever I was borne to set it right!
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius with his man or two.

Pol. Give him this money, and these two notes *Reynaldo.*
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shall doe marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visit him to make inquire
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My Lord I did intend it.
Pol. Marrie well said, very well said, looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence: and finding

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By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſon, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as't were ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him: Doe you marke this *Reynaldo?*
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may ſay not well,
But if it be he I meane hee's very wilde,
Addicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo ranke
As may diſhonour him, take heed of that;
But ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſuall ſlips
As are companious noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo farre.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Faith as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty,
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſſe in unreclaimed blood
Of generall aſſault.
Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry ſir here's my drift,
And I beleeve it is a fetch of wit.
You laying theſe ſleight ſullies on my ſonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd with working,
Mark you, your party in converſe, he you would ſound,
Having ever ſeene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;

Good ſir (or ſo) or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and countrey.
Rey. Very good my Lord.
Pol. And then ſir does a this, a does: what was I about to ſay?
By the Maſſe I was about to ſay ſomething,
Where did I leave?
Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence; I marry,
He cloſes thus, I know the Gentleman
I ſaw him yeſterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and, as you ſay,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowſe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I ſaw him enter ſuch and ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now,
Your bait of falſhood takes this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wiſdome and of reach,
With windleſſes, and with eſſayes of byas,
By indirects finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my ſonne. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord I have.
Pol. God buy ye, fare ye well.
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Obſerve his inclination in your ſelfe.
Rey. I ſhall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his Muſicke.
Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I have bin ſo affrighted.
Polo. With what i'th name of God?
Ophel. My Lord as I was ſowing in my Cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head his ſtockins foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,

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And with a looke ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Ophel. My Lord I doe not know,
But truely I doe feare it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Ophel. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it: long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo piteous and profound
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being: that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his ſhoulders turn'd
Hee ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes;
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of love,
Whoſe violent property forgoes it ſelfe,
And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſions under heaven
That does afflict our natures: I am ſorrie;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophel. No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repell his letters, and deni'd
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am ſorrie that with better heed and judgement
I had not coated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee, but beſhrew my jealouſie;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort

To lacke diſcretion: Come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which being kept cloſe might move
More griefe to hide, than hate to utter love.
Exeunt.
Come.

Flouriſh. Enter King and Queene, Roſencraus and Guildenſterne.

King. Welcome deare *Roſencraus* and *Guildenſterne*,
Moreover, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you did provoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, ſo I call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was: what it ſhould be
More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from the underſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought up with him,
And ſith ſo neighboured to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lyes within our remedy.
Que. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And ſure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres; if it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhould receive ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might by the Soveraigne power you have of us
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to intreaty.
Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves in the full bent

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To lay our service freely at your feet.
King. Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildenstern.*
Que. Thanks *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rosencraus.*
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed sonne: goe some of you
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.
Queen. Amen. *Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou stil hast bin the Father of good newes.
Pol. Have I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule,
Both to my God and to my gracious King:
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.
King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.
Pol. Give first admittance to the Embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.
He tels me, my deare *Gertrud*, he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him: welcome my good friends;
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway?*
Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires:
Upon our first he sent out to suppresse
His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse; whereat griev'd
That so his sickenesse, age, and impotence

Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obayes,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'assay of armes against your Majestie:
Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his Commission, to imploy those Souldiers
So levied as before, against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further showne,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of safety and allowance
As herein are set downe.
King. It likes us well,
And at our more considered time wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke upon this businesse:
Meane time we thank you for your well took labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together:
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*
Pol. This businesse is well ended,
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What majestie should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;
Therefore brevitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnesse the limbes and outward flourishes:
I will be briefe: your noble sonne is mad,
Mad call I it, for to define true madnesse,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.
Quee. More matter with lesse art.
Pol. Madam I sweare I use no art at all,
That hee's mad 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pitty,
And pitty 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art:
Mad let us grant him then, and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,

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Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise.
To the Celestiall, my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase: but you shall heare, thus in her excellent white bosome, These, &c.
Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithfull.
Doubt thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the sunne doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But never doubt I love.
O deare Ophelia *I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my groanes; but that I love thee best, O most best beleeve it: Adieu.* *Thine evermore most deare Lady, whilest this machine is to him,* Hamlet.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewne me,
And more about have his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.
Pol. I would faine prove so; but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me; what might you
Or my deare Majestie your Queen here thinke,
If I had plaid the deske, or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistresse thus I did bespeake:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy sphere,
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her, That

That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she tooke the fruits of my advice;
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to a lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the madnesse wherein now he raves,
And all we mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke 'tis this?
Queen. It may be very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If circumstances lead me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Here in the Lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.
Pol. At such a time Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind the Arras then,
Marke the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a Farme and Carters.
King. We will try it. *Enter Hamlet.*
Queen. But look where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and*
Ile board him presently. Oh give me leave. *Queen.*
How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.

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Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir though I most powerfully and potently beleeve, yet I hold it not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall grow old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes his replyes are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall, except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guildensterne and Rosencraus.*

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros.

Ros. God save your sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most deare Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guyldenstern*? Ah *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her wast, or in the middle of her favors.

Guyl. Faith her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet. What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. (true.

Ham. Then is Doomes-day neere: but your newes is not But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsenour*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks, but I thank you, and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe-peny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale justly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to'th purpose, you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queene have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preserved love, and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eie of you, if you love me hold not off.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather:

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ther : I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſes; and indeed it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the earth ſeemes to mee a ſterill promontorie; this moſt excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this brave ore-hanged firmament, this majeſticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece a worke is man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in forme and moving how expreſſe and admirable! in action how like an Angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; & yet to me what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I ſaid man delights not me?

Roſ. To thinke my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the Plaiers ſhall receive from you, we coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome, his Majeſtie ſhall have tribute of mee, the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyle and target, the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace, and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blanke verſe ſhall halt for't. What players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travell? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſ. I thinke their inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? are they ſo followed?

Roſ. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and thoſe that would make mouthes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece for his picture in little: s'blood there is ſomething in this more than naturall, if Philoſophy could finde it out. *A Flouriſh.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elſenour*, your hands: come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony, let me comply with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the Plaiers, which I tell you muſt ſhew fairly outwards, ſhould more appeare like entertainment than yours; you are welcome: but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceived.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North North-weſt, when the wind is Southerly I know a hawke from a hand-ſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Guyldenſtern*, and you too, at each eare a hearer, that great baby as you ſee is not yet out of his ſwadling clouts.

Roſ. Happely he is the ſecond time come to them, for they ſay an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecie that he comes to tell me of the Players, marke it: You ſay right ſir, a Munday morning 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I have newes to tell you: when *Roſſius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his aſſe.

Pol. The beſt Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, Hiſtory, Paſtorall, Paſtorall-Comicall, Hiſtorical-Paſtorall ſcene indevidable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot bee too heavie, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ and the liberty; theſe are the onely men.

Ham. O *Jeptha* Judge of Iſrael what a treaſure hadſt thou?

Pol. What a treaſure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Jeptha*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to paſſe, as moſt like it was: the firſt row of the pans chanſon will

ſhew

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shew you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke?* what my young Lady and Mistresse! my Lady your Ladiship is neerer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: masters you are all welcome, wee'll e'en to't like friendly Faukners, flye at any thing wee see, wee'll have a speech strait, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleased not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was as I received it and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine; one speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'ircanian Beast, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, hee whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and blacke complection smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall head to foot:
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,

With eyes like Carbuncle, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.
Pol. Fore God my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.
Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lyes where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword
Th'unnerved father falls.
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare: for loe his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to sticke,
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
Like a neutrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the rackes stand still,
The bold wind speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region: so after *Pyrrhus* pawse,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new aworke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proofe eterne,
With lesse remorse than *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods
In generall synod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes and felloes from her wheele,
And boule the round nave downe the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ha. It shall to the Barbers with your beard: prethee say on, he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, ah woe had seene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene!

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Polo. That's good.

Play. Run barefoot up and downe, threatning the flames,
With Bisson rhume, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanke and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venome steept,
'Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limbes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unlesse things mortall move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has teares in's eyes: prethee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest of this soone. Good my Lord doe you see the Players well bestowed, doe you heare, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and briefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man much better, use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? use them after your owne honour and dignity, the lesse they deserve the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee'll heare a play to morrow; dost thou heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'll hav't to morrow night: you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night, you are welcome to *Elsenour*. *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Ros.

Exit.

Ros. Good my Lord.

Ham. I so, God buy to you; now am I alone.
O what a Rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here
But in a fiction, in a dreame of passion,
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit,
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suting
With formes to his conceit, and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? what would he doe
Had he the motive, and that for passion
That I have? he would drown the stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metled raskall, peake
Like *John*-a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing, no not for a King,
Upon whose property and most deare life
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate across,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by'th nose, gives me the lye i'th throat
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Hah? s'wounds I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon liver'd, and lacke gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region Kites
With this slaves offall: bloudy, baudy villaine,
Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villain.
Why what an Asse am I? this is most brave,
That I the sonne of a deare father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore unpacke my heart with words,

And

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And fall a curſing like a very drabbe, ſtallion, fie upon't, ſoh.
About my braines, hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures ſitting at a Play
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it have no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile have theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle: Ile obſerve his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeene
May be a divell, and the divell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my weakneſſe and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me: Ile have grounds
More relative than this, the Play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne, Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Roſ. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true eſtate.
Quee. Did he receive you well?
Roſ. Moſt like a Gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players

We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it; they are here about the Court,
And as I thinke they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to entreat your Majeſties
To heare and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me,
To heare him ſo inclin'd:
Good Gentlemen give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ. & Guyl.*
King. Sweet *Gertrard* leave us two,
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he as 'twere by accident may here
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my ſelfe,
Wee'll ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſeene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him as he is behav'd,
If't be th'affliction of his love or no
That thus he ſuffers for.
Quee. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part *Ophelia* I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildneſſe, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.
Ophel. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. Ophelia walk you here: gracious ſo pleaſe you
We will beſtow our ſelves; read on this Booke,
That ſhew of ſuch an exereiſe may colour
Your lonelineſſe: we are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions viſage,
And pious action we doe ſugar o're
The divell himſelfe.
King. O 'tis too true:

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How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helpes it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heavie burden! *Enter Hamlet.*

Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: To dye to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe to ſay we end
The heart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhockes
That fleſh is heire to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſht, to dye to ſleepe,
To ſleep perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death what dreames may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt give us pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiſed love, and the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When as himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd Countrey, from whoſe borne
No traveller returnes, puzzels the will
And makes us rather beare thoſe ills we have,
Than flye to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of reſolution
Is ſicklied ore with the pale caſt of thought:
And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,

And loſe the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy Orizons?
Be all my ſins remembred?

Ophel. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you, well.

Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.

Ophel. My honour'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſed
As made theſe things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe againe: for to the noble minde
Rich gifts waxe poore when givers prove unkind.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt?

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophel. What meanes your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you bee honeſt and faire, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Ophel. Could beauty my Lord have better commerce
Than with honeſtie.

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will ſooner transforme honeſtie from what it is to a baud, than the force of honeſtie can tranſlate beauty to his likeneſſe: this was ſometime a Paradoxe, but now the time gives it proofe. I did love you once.

Ophel. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeve ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have beleev'd mee, for vertue cannot ſo evacuate our old ſtocke but we ſhall relliſh of it: I loved you not.

Ophel. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give thē ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I doe

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crawling betweene earth and heaven? we are arrant Knaves, beleeve none of us, go thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophel. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry, goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make your selves another, gig and amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no moe marriages, those that are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophel. O what a noble minde is here orethrowne!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suckt the honey of his Musicke vowes;
Now see what noble and most soveraigne reason
Like sweet bels jangled out of time, and harsh,
That unmatcht forme and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections doe not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch and the disclose

Will be some danger; which for to prevent
I have in quicke determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines still beating,
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well:
But yet I doe beleeve the origen and commencement of it
Sprung from neglected love: how now *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him
To shew his griefe; let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madnesse in great ones must not unmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the Towne-crier spoke my lines: nor do not saw the aire too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent tempest, and, as I may say, whirle-wind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothnesse: O it offends mee to the soule to heare a robustious Perwig-pated fellow teare a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out-*Herods Herod*, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

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Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: now this over-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have seene play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journy-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reforme it altogether: and let those that play your Clownes speake no more than is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pitifull ambition in the Foole that uses it: goe, make you ready. How now my Lord? will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What hoe, *Horatio?*

Hora. Here sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as just a man
As ere my conversation cop't withall.

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?

No,

No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning: doest thou heare?
Since my deare soule was Mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh'ath seal'd thee for her selfe: for thou hast bin
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast ta'n with equall thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well comedled
That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this:
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my Fathers death;
I prethee when thou seest that Act on foot
Even with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy: give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joine
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this Play is playing
And scape detection, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play, I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet.*

Ham. Excellent ifaith,
Of the Cameleons dish, I eat the aire,

Pro-

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Promiſe-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You plai'd once in the Univerſity you ſay.

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th Capitoll,
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capitall a calfe there.
Be the Players ready?

Roſ. I my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's metall more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?

Ophel. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrey matters?

Ophel. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between maids legs.

Ophel. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Jig-maker, what ſhould a man doe but be merry: for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the divell weare black, for Ile have a ſute of ſables: O heavens! dye two months agoe, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his life halfe a yeere; but berLady a muſt build Churches then, or elſe ſhall a ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.

The Trumpets ſound. *Dumbe ſhew followes.*

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him

him downe upon a banke of flowers, ſhe ſeeing him aſleepe, leaves him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, poures poiſon in the ſleepers eares, and leaves him: the Queen returnes, findes the King dead, makes paſſionate action, the poiſoner with ſome three or foure comes in again, ſeem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poiſoner woes the Queene with gifts, ſhe ſeemes harſh awhile, but in the end accepts love.

Ophel. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry it is munching *Mallico*, it meanes miſchiefe.

Ophel. Belike this ſhew imports the argument of the Play.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'll tell all.

Ophel. Will a tell us what this ſhew meant?

Ha. I, or any ſhew that you will ſhew him, be not you aſham'd to ſhew, hee'll not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the poſie of a ring?

Ophel. 'Tis brieſe my Lord.

Ham. As womans love.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes ſalt waſh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene
About the world have twelve times thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutuall in moſt ſacred bands.

Que. So many journies may the Sun and Moone
Make us againe count ore ere love be done:
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you my Lord it nothing muſt.
For women feare too much, even as they love,
And womans feare and love hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity.

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Now what my love is proofe hath made you know,
And as my love is ciz'd my feare is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
King. Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly too,
My operant powers their functions leave to doe,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou.
Quee. O confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second but who kill'd the first:
The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.
King. I do beleeve you thinke what now you speak,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity;
Which now the fruit unripe stickes on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt;
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
The violence of either griefe or joy
Their owne enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revells griefe doth most lament:
Griefe joy, joy griefes, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For

Ham. That's wormwood.

For who not needs shall never lavsicke, come the Recorders,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrowne:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But dye thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy;
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If ought I be a widow, ever I be a wife.
King. 'Tis deeply sworne: sweet leave me here a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.
Quee. Sleep rocke thy braine,
And never come mischance betweene us twaine. *Exeunt*.

Ham. If she should break it now.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.
Ham. O but shee'll keepe her word.
Kin. Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they doe but jest, poison in jest, no offence i'th (world.
King. What doe you call the play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap; marry how? tropically. This play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work, but what of that? your Majestie and we shall have free soules, it touches us not; let the galled jade winch, our withers are unwrung. This is one *Lucianus* Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Ophel. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love
If I could see the puppits dallying.

Ophel.

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Now what my love is proofe hath you are keene.
And as my love is ciz'd my fearaning to take off mine edge.
Where love is great, thou worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Considerate season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life usurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th garden for his estate, his name's *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Ophel. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give ore the play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere goe weep,
The Hart ungalled play,
For some must watch whilest some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir, and a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of plaiers?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doest know O *Damon* deare
This realme dismantled was
Of *Jove* himselfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiocke.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musicke, come the Recorders,
For if the King likes not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come, some musicke.

Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole Historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor; for for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly upon my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make mee a wholsome answer, I will doe your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne shall be the end of the businesse.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord?

Ha. Make you a wholsome answer, my wit's diseas'd, but sir, such answer as I can make you shall command, or rather as you say, my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behaviour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so astonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heels of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother; have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord you once did love me.

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Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you doe ſurely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke*?

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but while the graſſe growes; the proverbe is ſomething muſty: oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you; why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Gu. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanerly

Ha. I do not well underſtand that: will you play upon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeve me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventages with your fingers and the thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick: look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would plucke out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound mee from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſicke, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeake, s'bloud do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ha. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and 'tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is blacke like a Wezell.

Ham.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by;
They foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by,
Leave me friends.
I will, ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid.
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breathes out
Contagion to the world: now could I drinke hot blood,
And doe ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on: ſoft, now to my mother,
O heart loſe not thy nature! let not ever
The ſoule of *Nero* enter this firme boſome!
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall.
I will ſpeake daggers to her, but uſe none,
My tongue and ſoule in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeales never my ſoule conſent.

Enter King, Roſencraus, and Guyldenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſſe range; therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The tearmes of our eſtate may not endure
Hazzard ſo neare us as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our ſelves provide;
Moſt holy and religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance, but much more
That ſpirit, upon whoſe weale depends and reſts
The lives of many: the ceſſe of Majeſty
Dyes not alone, but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neare it with it: or it is a maſſie wheele,
Fixt on the ſomnet of the higheſt mount,

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To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boistrous raine, never alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.
King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free footed.
Ros. We will make haste. *Exeunt Gent.*
Enter Polonius.
Pol. My Lord hee's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras Ile convay my selfe
To heare the processe, Ile warnt shee'l tax him home;
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I heare. *Exit.*
King. Thankes deare my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't;
A brothers murder: pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker than it selfe with brothers blood?
Is there not raine enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:
My fault is past: but oh! what forme of prayer
Can serve my turne? forgive me my foule murther?
That cannot be, since I am still possest

Of those affects for which I did the murther,
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offences guided hand may shew by justice,
And oft 'tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lyes
In his true nature, and we our selves compeld
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence: what then? what rests?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosome blacke as death!
O limed soule! that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angels, make assay,
Bow stubborn knees, and hearts with strings of steele
Be soft as sinnewes of the new-borne babe,
All may be well. *Enter Hamlet.*
Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is praying,
And now Ile do't, and so a goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd;
A villaine kills my father, and for that
I his sole sonne doe this same villaine send
To heaven:
Why this is base and silly, —— not revenge:
A tooke my father grossely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavie with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No,
Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act

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That has no relliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him that his heele may kicke at heaven,
And that his ſoule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes: my mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ſtrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes have bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heat and him. Ile ſilence me even here,
Pray you be round. *Enter Hamlet.*
Ger. Ile warrant you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe, goe, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not budge,
You goe not till I ſet you up a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me?
Helpe ho.
Pol. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead.
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Ger. O what a raſh and bloody deed is this!

Ham.

Ham. A bloudy deed, almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King?
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findeſt to be too buſie is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome have not braz'd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwarke againſt ſenſe.
Ger. What have I done, that thou dareſt wagge thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers oathes: Oh ſuch a deed
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very ſoule, and ſweet Religion makes
A rapſodie of words, heavens face does glow
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome,
Is thought-ſicke at the act.
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ha. That roares ſo loud, and thunders in the Index:
Looke here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers;
See what a grace was ſeated on his brow,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Jove* himſelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ſtation like the Herald *Mercury*
New lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill,
A combination and forme indeed
Where every god did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.

This

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That has no relliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him that's, like a mildew'd eare,
Blaſting his wholſome brother: have you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? ſenſe ſure you have,
Elſe could you not have motion, but ſure that ſenſe
Is apoplext, for madneſſe would not erre,
Nor ſenſe to extaſie was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a difference: What divell was't
That thus hath couzen'd you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, ſmelling ſans all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope. Oh ſhame! where is thy bluſh?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones
To flaming youth, let vertue be as waxe
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no ſhame
When the compulſive ardure gives the charge,
Since froſt it ſelfe as actively doth burne,
And reaſon pardons will.
Ger. O *Hamlet* ſpeake no more,
Thou turn'ſt my very eyes into my ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and grieved ſpots
As will leave there their tinct.
Ham. Nay but to live
In the ranke ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſtye.
Ger. O ſpeake to me no more,
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine eares,
No more ſweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

A ſlave that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purſe of the Empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelfe the precious diadem ſtole,
And put it in his pocket. *Enter Ghoſt.*
Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Save me and hover ore me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alaſſe hee's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardie ſonne to chide,
That lap'ſt in time, and paſſion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command? O ſay!
Ghoſt. Doe not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But looke, amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep betweene her and her ſighing ſoule!
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Ger. Alaſſe how is't with you,
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peepe,
And as the ſleeping Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts up and ſtands an end: O gentle ſonne!
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience: whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable; doe not look upon me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſterne effects; then what I have to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.
Ger. To whom doe you ſpeake this?
Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

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Ger. No nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liv'd,
Looke where he goes, even now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation extaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull muſick: it is not madneſſe
That I have uttred, bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word, which madneſſe
Would gambole from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not this flattering unction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes;
It will but skin and filme the ulcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects unſeene: confeſſe your ſelfe to heaven,
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courb and wooe for leave to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet*, thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe.
Goodnight, but goe not to my uncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you have it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſenſe doth eat,
Of habits divell, is Angel yet in this,
That to the uſe of actions faire and good
He likewiſe gives a frocke or Livery
That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
And that ſhall lend a kinde of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie;
For uſe almoſt can change the ſtampe of nature,
And maſter the Divell, or throw him out
With wondrous potency: Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt

Ile bleſſing beg of you: for this ſame Lord
I doe repent, but heaven hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter:
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo againe good night.
I muſt be cruell onely to be kinde,
Thus bad begins, and worſe remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.
Ger. What ſhall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you to bed againe,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know,
For who that's but Queen, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddocke, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deare concernings hide? who would doe ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecie
Unpeg the basket on the houſes top,
Let the birds flye, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou aſſur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to England, you know that.
Ger. Alacke I had forgot,
'Tis ſo concluded on.
Ha. There's letters ſeal'd, & my two ſchool-fellows,
Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandate, they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhall me to knavery; let it worke,
For 'tis the ſport, to have the Enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard

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But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome.
Mother good night indeed, this Counseller
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaves,
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on us a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet?*

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseene good old man.

King. O heavie deed!
It had been so with us had we been there,
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
Ore whom his very madnesse, like some Ore

Among a minerall of metall base,
Shewes it selfe pure, a weeps for what is done.

King. Gertrard come away,
The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majestie and skill *Enter Ros.& Guyld.*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne,*
Friends both, goe joine with you some further aide,
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him;
Goe seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this:
Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe,
And what's untimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter,
As levell as the Cannon to his blanke
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse aire: O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ha. Safely stow'd: but softly, what noise? who calls on *Hamlet?*
O here they come.

Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell:

Ham. Doe not beleeve it.

Ros. Beleeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell and not mine owne; besides, to bee demanded of a spunge, what replication should bee made by the sonne of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ha. I sir, that sokes up the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities: but such Officers doe the King best service in the end, he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeesing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

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Ros. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord you must tell us where the body is, and goe with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body: the King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose?
Yet must we not put the strong law on him,
Hee's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where 'tis so, th'offenders scourge is waigh'd,
But never the offence: to beare all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause; diseases desperate growne
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus, and all the rest.

King. How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ha. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and wee fat our selves for maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eat of a King, eat

eat of the fish that hath fed of that worme.

King. What doest thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed if you find him not within this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deed for thine especiall safety,
Which we doe tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is ready, and the winde at helpe,
Th'associates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England?*

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them: but come, for *England*; Farewell deare mother.

King. Thy loving father *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.
Come, for *England.* *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with speed aboard,
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night:
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leanes on the affaire; pray you make haste:
And *England*, if my love thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Paies homage to us, thou maist not coldly set

Our

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Our Soveraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Army over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Majeſtie would ought with us
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doe't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.

Ham. How propos'd ſir I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them ſir?

Cap. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Cap. Truely to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name,
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Cap. Nay 'tis already garriſond.

Ham. Two thouſand ſoules and 20000. duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dyes. I humbly thanke you ſir.

Cap.

Cap. God buy your ſir.

Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you ſtraight, goe a little before.
How all occaſions doe informe againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleepe and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reaſon
To fuſt in us unus'd: now whether it be
Beſtiall oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward: I doe not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and meanes
To doe't: examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
Witneſſe this army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with divine ambition puft
Makes mouthes at the inviſible event,
Expoſing what is mortall and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egge-ſhell. Rightly to be great
Is not to ſtir without great argument,
But greatly to finde quarrell in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the ſlaine? O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter

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Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would she have?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sense, her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. *Enter Ophelia.*

Quee. "To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
" Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse;
" So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
" It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majesty of *Denmarke?*

Quee. How now *Ophelia?* *She sings.*

Ophel. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staffe, and by his sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse-greene turfe, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers, *Song.*
Which bewеept to the ground did not goe,
With true love showers.

King.

King. How doe you pretty Lady.

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter: Lord, we know what wee are, but know not what wee may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it meanes, say you this.
To morrow is S. *Valentines* day, *Song.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your *Valentine.*
Then up he rose, and dond his clothes, and dupt the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maide, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophel. Indeed, without an oath, Ile make an end on't.
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alacke and fie for shame,
Young men will doe't if they come to't,
by cocke they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me you promis'd me to wed.
(He answers.) So should I a done, by yonder sun
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient: but I cannot chuse but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold ground; my brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your good counsell.
Come my coach, good night Ladies, good night,
Sweet Ladies good night, good night.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deep griefe, it springs all from her fathers death: and now behold O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When sorrowes come they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first, her father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author
Of his owne just remove; the people muddied,
Thicke and unwholsome in thoughts and whispers
For good *Polonius* death, & we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him; poore *Ophelia*

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Divided from her ſelfe and her faire judgement,
Without which we are but pictures, or meere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelfe in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd
Will nothing ſticke our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-Peece in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers? let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Save your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his liſt
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſte
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chuſe we *Laertes* to be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerfully on the falſe traile they cry, *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter you falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs ſtand you all without.

All. No let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keep the doore. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me baſtard,
Cries

Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaſt unſmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo Giant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our perſon,
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will: tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenſ't: let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be jugled with:
To hell allegeance, vowes to the blackeſt Divell,
Conſcience and grace to the profoundeſt pit,
I dare damnation, to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes, Ile husband them ſo well
They ſhall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you deſire to know the certainty
Of your deare father, is't writ in your revenge,
That ſoop-ſtake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kinde life-rendring Pelican
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death,

And

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And am moſt ſenſible in griefe for it,
It ſhall as levell to your judgement peare
As day does to your eye. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now? what noiſe is that?
O heat dry up my braines, teares ſeven times ſalt
Burne out the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye:
By heaven thy madneſſe ſhall be paid with waight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May!
Deare maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*!
O heavens! is't poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his grave rain'd many a teare.
Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade revenge
It could not move thus.

Ophel. You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his Maſters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophel. There's Roſemary, that's for remembrance, pray you love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for you, and here's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference; there's a Daſie: I would give you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my father died; they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to favour and to prettineſſe.

Ophel. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He never will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,

Flaxen

Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away moane,
God a mercy on his ſoule, and all Chriſtian ſoules.
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this O God?

King. Laertes I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right; goe but a part.
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaterall hand
They finde us toucht, we will our kingdome give,
Our Crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoule
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No Trophey, ſword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation
Cry to be heard as 'twere from earth to heaven,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall,
And where th'offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they have Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleſſe you ſir.

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee too.

Say. A ſhall ſir an't pleaſe him. There's a letter for you ſir, it came from the Embaſſadour that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou ſhalt have over-look't this, give theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they have Letters for him. Ere

wee

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we were two dayes old at sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of saile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: in the instant they got cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like theeves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst flye death. I have words to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good-fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold their course for *England*, of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

So that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

Hora. Come, I will make you way for these your Letters,
And doe't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these feates
So criminall and capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnesse, wisdome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O for two speciall reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinnow'd,
But yet to me tha're strong: the Queen his mother
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so conclive to my life and soule,
That as the starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,

Who

Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly timbered for so loved armes,
Would have reverted to my bow againe,
But not where I have aim'd them.

Laer. And so I have a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Whose worth, if praises may goe backe again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleeps for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beards be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime: you shortly shall heare more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? who brought them?

Mess. Sailers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leave us.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome: to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly eyes, when I shall (first asking you pardon) thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden returne.

King. What should this meane? are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked!
And in a post-script here he saies alone,
Can you devise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King.

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King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now returned
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right:
You have bin talkt of ſince your travell much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe livery that it weares,
Than ſetled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveneſſe: two months ſince
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I have ſeene my ſelfe, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-backe; but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew unto his ſeat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe
As he had bin incorp'ſt and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo farre he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King.

King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Upon my life *Lamord*.
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gemme of all the Nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye
If you oppos'd them: ſir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenome with his envie,
That he could nothing doe, but wiſh and begge
Your ſudden comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. *Laertes*, was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it;
There lives within the very flame of love
A kinde of wieke or ſnuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſſe ſtill;
For goodneſſe growing to a pleuriſie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe,
We ſhould doe when we would: for this *Would* changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this *Should* is like a ſpend-thrift ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing: but to the quicke of th'ulcer,
Hamlet comes backe, what would you undertake
To ſhew your ſelfe indeed your fathers ſonne

More

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More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeed ſhould murder ſanctuarize,
Revenge ſhould have no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this? keep cloſe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd ſhall know you are come home,
Wee'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foiles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doe't;
And for the purpoſe Ile annoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moone, can ſave the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht withall; Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſleightly it may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conveiance both of time and meanes
May fit us to our ſhape if this ſhould faile,
And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twere better not aſſay'd. Therefore this project
Should have a backe or ſecond, that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe: ſoft, let me ſee,
Wee'll make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile have prefer'd him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tucke,
Our purpoſe may hold there. But ſtay, what noiſe?

Enter

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Quee. There is a willow growes aſcaunt the brook,
That ſhewes his hoarie leaves in the glaſſie ſtreame,
Therewith fantaſticke garlands did ſhe make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daſies, and long Purples,
That liberall ſhepheards give a groſſer name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call them,
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſhiver broke,
When downe her weedy tropheys and her ſelfe
Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
Which time ſhe chanted ſnatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavie with their drinke
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alaſſe then is ſhe drown'd?

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I have a ſpeech afire that faine would blaſe,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*;
How much I had to doe to calme his rage!
Now feare I this will give it ſtart againe,
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clow. Is ſhe to be buried in Chriſtian buriall, when ſhe wilfully ſeekes her owne ſalvation?

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Othe. I tell thee ſhee is, therefore make her grave ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, unleſſe he drown'd her ſelfe in her own defence?

Oth. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clow. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be elſe; for here lies the point, if I drowne my ſelfe wittingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; ſhee drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay but heare you goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lyes the water, good, here ſtands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himſelfe, it is will he nill he; he goes, marke you that: but if the water come to him and drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe; argall hee that is not guilty of his owne death ſhortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners queſt law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth ant't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman ſhe ſhould have bin buried out a Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou ſaiſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſten: Come my ſpade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* profeſſion.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. A was the firſt that ever bore armes.
Ile put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt mee not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds ſtronger than either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-lives a thouſand tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes does well, but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill, now thou doeſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger than the Church, argall the gallowes may doe well to thee. To't againe, come.

Oth. Who builds ſtronger than a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow.

Clow. I, tell me that and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Othe. Maſſe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull aſſe wil not mend his pace with beating, & when you are askt this queſtiõ next ſay a grave-maker, the houſes he makes laſt till Doomeſday. Goe get thee in, and fetch me a ſoope of liquor.

Song.

In youth when I did love did love,
Me thought it was very ſweet
To contract O the time for a my behove,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſſe? a ſings in grave-making.

Hor. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſineſſe.

Ha. 'Tis een ſo, the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Song.

Clow. But age with his ſtealing ſteps
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
as if I had never bin ſuch.

Ham. That ſkull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if 'twere *Cains* jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther: this might be the pate of a Polititian, which this aſſe now ore-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good morrow my Lord, how doeſt thou ſweet Lord? This might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my Lord ſuch a ones horſe when a meant to beg it, might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een ſo, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sextens ſpade; here's fine revolution and we had the tricke to ſee't, did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding but to play at loggits with them? mine ake to think on't.

Clow. A pickax and a ſpade a ſpade,
for and a ſhrowding ſheet,

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O a pit of clay for to be made
for such a gueſt is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawier? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this mad knave now to knocke him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes and doubles, than the length and bredth of a paire of Indentures? the very conveiances of his land will ſcarcely lye in this boxe, and muſt th'inheritor himſelfe have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hor. I my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves which ſeeke out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeake to this fellow: Whoſe grave's this ſirrah?

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it's thine indeed, for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow. You lye out on't ſir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye ſir, 'twill againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doeſt thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule, ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is, we muſt ſpeake by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord *Horatio* this 3. yeeres I have took note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant comes ſo neere the heele of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that is mad and ſent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clow. Why? becauſe a was mad, a ſhall recover his wits there, or if a doe not 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be ſeen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow Faith een with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmarke*: I have bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before he dye, as wee have many pocky coarſes that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſome eight yeere, or nine yeere; a Tanner will laſt you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why ſir his hide is ſo tan'd with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while, and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body: here's a skull now hath lyen you i'th earth (23. yeares.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whorſon mad fellows it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yorickes* skull the Kings Jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poor *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſt I know not how oft: where bee your jibes now, your gambols, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a

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roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfalne?
Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till a finde it stopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beere-barrell?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!
But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corse.*
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of some estate:
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies have bin as far inlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground unsanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Doct. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem* and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest
A ministring Angel shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What? the faire *Ophelia?*

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st have bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe!
Fall ten times double on that curs'ed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense
Deprived thee of: hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes.
Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made
T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an *emphasis*, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
Hamlet the *Dane*.

Laer. The Divell take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well; I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand.

King. Plucke them asunder.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

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All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theam
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum: What wilt thou doe for her?
King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Quee. For love of God forbeare him.
Ham. Swounds ſhew me what thou't doe,
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy (ſelfe,
Woo't drink up Eſill, eat a Crocodile?
Ile doe't: doeſt thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Cindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When that her golden cuplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you well, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dogge will have his day. *Exit Hamlet*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him. *& Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch over your ſonne,
This Grave ſhall have a living monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee,
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this ſir, now ſhall you ſee the other:
You doe remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord?
Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleep, me thought I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the Bilbo's, raſhly,
And prais'd be raſhneſſe for it; let us know
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well
When our deep plots do fall, & that ſhould learn us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me, in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold
(My feares forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royall knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many ſeverall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,
With hoe ſuch Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperviſe, no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.
Hora. Is't poſſible?
Ha. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leiſure:
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed?
Hora. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines
They had begun the Play: I ſate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire:
I once did hold it, as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but ſir now

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It did me yeomans service; wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As love between them like the Palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare,
And stand a *Comma* 'tweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.
Hora. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant:
I had my fathers signet in my purse,
Which was the modell of that *Danish* seale,
Folded the writ up in the forme of th'other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't thimpression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never known; now the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So *Guyldenstern* and *Rosencraus* go to't.
Ha. They are not neare my conscience, their defeat
Does by their owne insinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the passe and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why what a King is this!
Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cosenage, is't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to *Denmarke.*
Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.
Doest know this Water-flye?

Hora.

Hora. No my good Lord.
Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him; he hath much land and fertill, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the Kings messe; 'tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.
Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.
Ham. I will receive it sir with all diligence of spirit; your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.
Cour. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.
Ham. No beleeve me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
Ham. But yet me thinks it is very soultry and hot, for my complexion.
Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie unto you, that a has laid a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.
Ham. I beseech you remember.
Cour. Nay good my Lord, for my ease in good faith. Sir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeve mee an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: indeed, to speake feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall finde in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.
Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick of memory, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quicke saile; but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be soule of a great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.
Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.
Ham. The concernancy sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?
Cour. Sir.
Hora. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue, you will doe't sir really.
Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour.

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Cour. Of *Laertes?*

Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him ſir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did ſir; yet in faith if you did it would not much approve me: well ſir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himſelfe.

Cour. I meane ſir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Cour. The King ſir hath wager'd with him ſixe *Barbery* horſes, againſt the which he has impawn'd as I take it ſix *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as girdle, hanger, and ſo: three of the carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Cour. The carriages ſir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, ſixe *Barbary* horſes againſt ſixe *French* ſwords, their aſſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath laid ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him he ſhall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke here in the hall, if it pleaſe his Majeſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame and the odde hits.

Cour.

Cour. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours does well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſo ſir with his dugge before a ſuckt it; thus has he & many more of the ſame breed that I know, the droſſie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kinde of miſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt profane and trennowned opinions; and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majeſtie commended him to you by young *Oſtricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the Kings pleaſure; if his fitneſſe ſpeaks, mine is ready, now or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you goe to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me.

Hor. You will loſe my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into *France* I have bin in continuall practice; I ſhall win at the oddes: thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord:

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is ſuch a kind of game-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind diſlike any thing obey it, I ſhall foreſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury, there is a ſpeciall providence in the fall of a Sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readineſſe is all, ſince no man of ought he leaves knowes what is't to

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leave betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions, King, Queen, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaime was madnesse.
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*;
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madnesse: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemy;
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow ore the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honour
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I have a voice and president of peace
To my name ungor'd: but all that time
I doe receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ha. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Give us the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Sticke fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand. (let,

Kin. Give them the foils young *Osrick*: cosin *Ham-*
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord:
Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I have seen you both,
But since he is better we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavie, let me see another.

Ha. This likes me wel, these foils have all a length

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;
If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw
Richer than that which foure successive Kings
In *Denmarks* Crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,
The Trumpet to the Canoneer without,
The Cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*: come begin, *Trumpets the while.*
And you the Judges beare a warie eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, Trumpets, and shot,*

Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a Peece goes off.*

King. Stay, give me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while,
Come, another hit, what say you?

Laer. I doe confesse.

King. Our sonne shall win.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy browes:

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The Queen carowſes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſoned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come, for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am ſure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on.
Oſtr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
King. Part them, they are incens't.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Oſtr. Looke to the Queen there ho.
Hora. They bleed on both ſides, how is't my Lord?
Oſtr. How is't *Laertes*?
Lae. Why as a woodcock to mine own ſprindge *Oſtricke*,
I am juſtly kill'd with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſwounes to ſee them bleed.
Que. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke, the drinke, I am poyſoned.
Ham. O villaine! ho let the doore be lockt,
Treachery, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art ſlaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foule practice
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me; lo here I lye
Never to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſon'd,
I am no more, the King, the King's to blame.
Ha. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.

All.

All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtuous damned *Dane*,
Drinke off this potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my mother. (ſelfe.
Lae. He is juſtly ſerv'd, it is a poyſon temper'd by him-
Exchange forgiveneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow the:
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) O I could tell you;
But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liveſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
Hora. Never beleeve it,
I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile hav't:
O God *Horatio* what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall I leave behind me?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this? *A march a farre off.*

Enter Oſricke.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt come from *Poland*
Th'Embaſſadors of *England* gives this warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my ſpirit;
I cannot live to heare the newes from *England*,
But I doe propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*; he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th'occurrents more and leſſe

Which

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Which have ſolicited: the reſt in ſilence.
Hora Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet
And flight of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt. (Prince,
Why does the drum come hither?
Enter Fortinbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.
Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch?
For. This quarry cryes on havock: O proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine infernall Cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenſeleſſe that ſhould gives us hearing.
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſtern* are dead,
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He never gave commandement for their death.
But ſince ſo jumpe upon this bloody queſtion
You from the *Pollack* wars, and you from *England*
Are here arrived, give order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to'th yet unknowing world
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare
Of cruell, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, caſuall ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the inventors heads: all this can I
Truely deliver.
Fort. Let us haſte to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience:
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth invite me.

Hora.

Hora. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw no more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while mens minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.
Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T'have prov'd moſt royall: and for his paſſage,
The Souldiers muſick and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him.
Take up the bodies; ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhewes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the Souldiers ſhoot. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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Then said Howleglas such maistery can I do wyth
lesse cost. Then sayde the woman I pray you learne
me that cũning and I wyll giue you therefore what
you wyll haue, Then sayd howleglas I must needes
depart from hence, but when I come againe I wyll
learne you that science and learninge/and then went
he into the stable and sadled his horse & tooke his le-
ue and so departed from thence. But he toughte not
his hostes that science; but so departed,

¶ How howleglas made hole all the sicke folke, that
were in the hospital, where the spere of our lord is,

Vpon a time howleglas came to Northeborough
and he set vpon the churche dores and vpon the
Guilde hall, and euery place that all the people
in that towne might know that he was a great mai-
ster of Phisicke, That all sicke he could make whole
And then the maister of the spitle house, where the
spere of our Lord is, had mani sick folkes in his house
then went the maister of the hospitall to howleglas
& asked him if he coulde helpe sicke men, or lame men
and make them whole, & he would rewarde him after
his owne pleasure, Thã answered howleglas to the
maister of the hospital, wyll ye geue me.cc, golde gyle-
dens, and I shall recouer and make them hole of al ẏ
sikenes, & deases, and wyll haue no monye tyll al the
sicke parsons be deliuered out of the hospital, These
wordes pleased the maister of the hospital very well
And he gane him some money in his hande. Upon ẏ
morowe after came howleglas to the hospital w̃, ii
men after him, & thã he asked ẏ sicke folke, one after
the other, what desease they had, and when he hadde
asked them all then he made thẽ swere vpon a booke

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